

## UNCLE SAM'S OWN HARVEST FESTIVAL

How the American Thanksgiving Day Is Kept In All the Lands

**T**HANKSGIVING? This is the greatest corn year, the greatest oil year—petroleum—probably the greatest wine year—though the returns are not yet in—and the greatest hot air year in the history of the United States. The hot air crop is now happily gathered, and for that let us give thanks.

The story of the evolution of Thanksgiving day is part of the history of the growth and spread of the American people.

You would hardly think it to look at as now, but the Puritan ancestors of the American nation were very pious. In the autumn of 1621 the first shipload of New England colonists were so glad it was no worse with them—considering how they might have been killed by Indians or starved through failure of their crops—that they, through their governor, William Bradford, ordained a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Every autumn thereafter such a thanksgiving day was kept in New England. It was an imitation in a way of the harvest home festival which is still observed in old England.

Extremely interesting it is to trace out how the Puritans gave to Thanksgiving its special dinner of turkey and pumpkin pie. The stiff old gentlemen in the tall hats and broad collars regarded Christmas and its observance as an invention of popery, therefore abhorrent and soul destroying. Anybody who ventured to wish them a merry Christmas would have been in peril of the stock and of church discipline. Still, even these iron headed personages failed to crush out of themselves the natural human longing for an occasional holiday and merry-making, albeit theirs was rather a sabbath, ash colored merrymaking whose brand would not be recognized nowadays. So the Puritan fathers turned loose on Thanksgiving day all the feasting and joy that other Christian peoples put into Christmas. A most important part of the New England colonists' faith consisted in knowing what not to do. In no way must the usages of the Church of England Christmas be patterned after.

Now for the turkey and pumpkin pie part of the American Thanksgiving. Roast beef, boar's head and plum pudding were from old connected with the Christmas dinner in the old lands. Therefore, were they "superstitious meats" and accursed. Wild turkeys were plentiful, so were cranberries, so were pumpkins in this new world. The pilgrim mothers substituted roast tur-

key with cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie for the superstitious meats of old England. See?

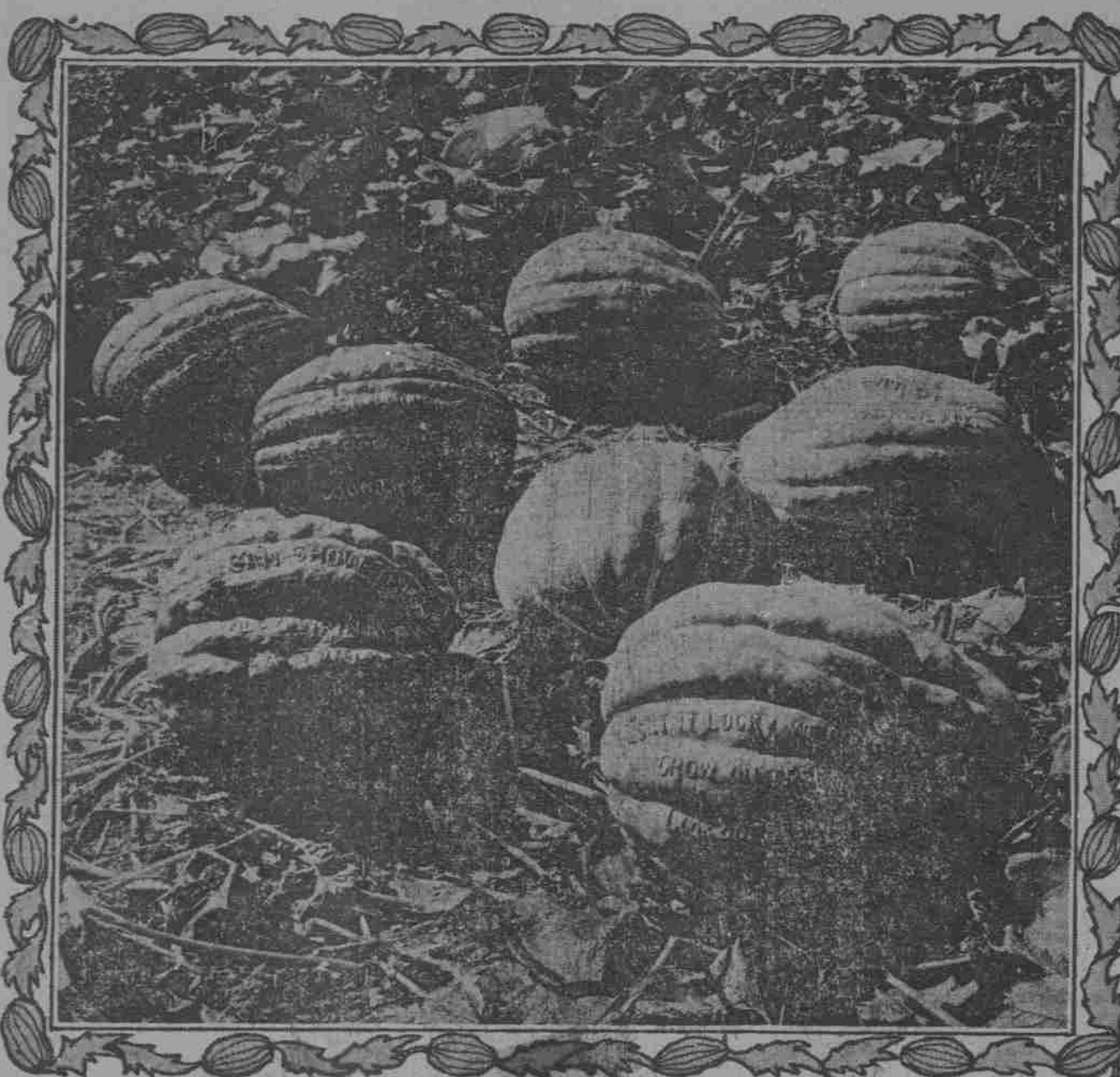
Thanksgiving remained chiefly a New England local festival till 1789, when George Washington as president issued the first proclamation for its observance by the whole nation. He did this by request of both houses of congress. George Washington's original proclamation is still in existence. In the southern states Thanksgiving has never been a special day for feasting and family reunions. The churches are open for religious services, but otherwise the day is not made so much of.

Elsewhere in the country, though, it is a joyous and festive occasion, and wherever on the globe our countrymen have gone they have taken the American Thanksgiving with them. In Porto Rico and Spanish countries the cold blooded northerner gulps down redhot concoctions of chopped chicken, peppers, oil and garlic and sighs for the roast turkey and cider and pumpkin pie of the states. Even the solemn old hymns he used to hear the congregation chant through their collective noses would sound sweet to many an American away from home.

We are spread all over the earth now, we Americans, and wherever we are on Thanksgiving we feast according to the menu of the land we are in. In Porto Rico and Spanish countries the cold blooded northerner gulps down redhot concoctions of chopped chicken, peppers, oil and garlic and sighs for the roast turkey and cider and pumpkin pie of the states. Even the solemn old hymns he used to hear the congregation chant through their collective noses would sound sweet to many an American away from home.

In London the American society has always its Thanksgiving evening dinner, except for the turkey, more British than American. Notables, British and American, mutually taffy one another, and Englishmen "law" and Americans "tut" at the canned witlings yearly brought out on the last Thursday night of November. Americans in Berlin celebrate Thanksgiving in a dinner if possible a shade more solemn and formal than that of London. In Vienna and Rome the day is little commemorated, but it is a day of Thanksgiving for Americans in St. Petersburg this year.

The merriest, brightest, most delightful Thanksgiving dinner in all Europe is that annually given by the American Art Students' association in Paris.



See the pumpkins, plump and yellow, very jolly, round and fat!  
In their next reincarnation they'll be circular and flat.  
For the rolly poly pumpkin, smiling 'neath autumnal skies,  
Has a foreordained appearance in the role of pumpkin pies.

Where liberty is, there is enjoyment, at least among rational people. The Paris art students' Thanksgiving feast witnesses no least winded, awful speeches, only laughter and eating and drinking and impromptu wit. The society has been in existence about seventeen years. Sixteen years ago the members resolved to have a Thanksgiving dinner. How to get the cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and pumpkin pie and how to get the turkey stuffed and cooked American style was a problem unsolvable till the New York Art Students' league kindly announced that it would send the whole dinner ready cooked across the sea bodily for its brethren in Paris. This was actually done, and the feast was had amid the joyous cries for more on the part of the exiled Americans and the inextricable confusion and bewilderment of the French waiters, who knew no more what cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes were than they knew what heaven is like. And those students ate till one could not possibly tell which was stuffed more, student or turkey.

Since that first students' dinner, however, things have gone better. French cooks have learned how to prepare the turkey, and American girls in the students' quarter now make the pumpkin pies and cranberry sauce. Great men of France, artists, statesmen and literateurs are always glad of an invitation to attend these joyous, informal American students' Thanksgiving dinners.

On the sea wherever an American naval ship is there is Thanksgiving day a memorable one. The seamen have the best of that food which is considered good enough for common sailors. Afterward they have games and music.

In the officers' quarters the feast is furnished with all the delicacies to be got, both eatable and drinkable. After the custom, stupid or not, according to the result, speeches are made, toasts are drunk, as always, ending with the traditional:

"Here's to sweethearts and wives!"  
In far away Manila Thanksgiving day is observed lastly, leisurely, as in sitting in a land where nobody ever hurries except Americans newly arrived. The turkey, if there be any for Thanksgiving in Manila, will be of the cold storage variety, for this bird does not thrive in the tropics. Otherwise there will be chicken, water pipes and curry, tomatoes, mangoes and bananas, served by a solemn Tagalog waiter in a flowing shirt outside of his trousers, his black head bowed submissively, his brown feet thrust into soft slippers

that slide noiselessly over the kerosene, polished floor.

Let us skip over seas in our Thanksgiving quest and stop at Hawaii on the road home. In and around Honolulu are collected the greatest variety of nationalities to be found under the American flag.

Only white Americans and Christianized native Hawaiians make much of Thanksgiving. The gentle, handsome native attends church devoutly and then slips slyly off and has a feast or "luau" of his own where he and his friends, flower wreathed, sit upon the floor and partake of tender roast puppy.

Meanwhile white Americans in Honolulu are feasting on roast turkey and real cranberry sauce imported from the states, in their palm shaded, mosquito screened homes they sit and think how hard people work and hustle back in the states. They drink to the health of the home folk and one another in the sweet Hawaiian greeting "A loha!" which between sweethearts means "I love you," between friends "Good will and faithful fellowship and best wishes."

And so, gentle reader, to you this peaceful, prosperous American Thanksgiving of 1906—attaching to the soft sounding, musical word any meaning you choose—A loha!

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

## WELSH WEDDINGS.

Invitations to weddings in Wales are very businesslike. When the parents of the bride to be bid her friends to the ceremony they bid them not to come empty handed. The custom says: "Whatever donations you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. The parents of the bride and bridegroom elect desire that all gifts due to them, will be returned to them on the day of the date and will be thankful for all favors granted."

## THE LITTLE HURTS.

They say the world is round, and yet I often think it square.  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.  
But one great truth in life I've found  
While journeying to the west—  
The only folk who really would  
Are those we love the best.  
Love does not grow on every tree  
Nor true hearts rarely bloom.  
Alas, for those who only see  
This cut across a tomb!  
But soon or late the fact grows plain  
To all though sorrow's test  
The only folk who give us pain  
Are those we love the best.

## ALL THE WAY FROM JANITORS TO HEADGEAR

**I** THINK all the people living in apartments will go straight to heaven.

Why not? They have surely served their purgatory in this world. The janitor and the bellboy alike combine to make life one long problem, consisting mainly of plus signs in their favor.

The landlord authorizes or winks at the actions of these brigands.

It is so hard to get a good janitor; so easy to get a good tenant.  
By "good" janitor I don't mean one with wings sprouting between his shoulders, but a man who will not go "on a tear" more than twice a week on whose many errands of a social nature will not cause him to forget to send up the milk.

Once there was such a janitor, and, lo, he had kept one apartment house bowing before him for seven years until he felt that he owned it. Nothing transpired in the place unless he knew about it—in fact, most things happened under his direct supervision. The landlord was very mean, and the janitor's salary was next to nothing, but you should have seen how he "picked" on the tenants. This was his recognized graft, and when the tenants found that he was supported by the powers above they meekly gave in and resigned themselves to obtaining nothing save through him.

For instance, if the icebox needed overhauling Edward, not the refrigerator man, was the one to do it. You were referred to him by the landlord. Yes, you might have new covers to the tubs. Edward had them down cellar.

That gas tip didn't work? Then ask Edward for another, and so forth and so on.

But his greatest scheme was cutting the rope of the dumb waiter, the rope nearest the kitchen. As the other one

Only one way to address him.



could not be reached by the maids this obliged them to be at the mercy of Edward, who pulled their clothes baskets up for them, or did not, according to the bounty of their masters or mistresses.

Then there was Ericsson—let us not forget Ericsson. There was only one way to address him, and that was with a quarter held in midair. How true the proverb is that "money talks" could only be realized by a conversation with Ericsson minus the quarter.

There would be literally nothing doing.

Even little Tommy, the bellboy, was not a bad one at graft.

He learned to respect the different members of the family according to their pocketbooks.

For the maid he would do absolutely nothing. She wanted to take a basket of things up to the roof and he curtly informed her that he could do nothing until he had distributed the mail.

Distributing the mail is synonymous with a couple of hours in elevator boy parlance.

Enter the mistress of the house upon the scene of action. She presses the bell, letting the gleam of silver appear in her hand and, behold, the elevator stops once more.

"Tommy, will you take Mary's clothes up to the roof for her? The mail can wait," she observes sweetly.

"Why, certainly, ma'am!" exclaims Tommy. "I didn't know she wanted her clothes taken up!"  
(And the great big basket had been there all the time staring him in the face!)

To change the subject, have you noticed how exaggerated hats are this year?

The more twists and kinks in the brims the merrier.

They do say one of the smartest dressed women in town evolved a Paris creation out of an ordinary everyday American hat by falling downstairs with it pinned to her head.

It made a most original cocked hat out of an ordinary sailor.

One of the most popular shapes and the most unbecoming is of the mushroom variety, and it would have delighted the heart of Queen Victoria, who was much addicted to this form of dowdy headgear.

It—the mushroom chapeau—is decorated in any old way without rhyme or reason, the sloppier the feathers and foliage the better.

Then there is a smarter species of hat worn very much to one side and suggesting a turnover. Any woman can have one by folding an old hat in two and wearing much hair on the exposed side. That is the secret of the Parisian model—two-thirds hat, one-third hair. It isn't a bad idea in its native land, but, oh, me, when you transport that third of a hat here and



PHOTO BY

GURR McINTOSH

MAUDE FEALY, AMERICAN STAGE BEAUTY.

wear it a "rimy dressed 'nuff-suff" coiffure!

All the feather effects drop to follow out the lines of the brim. This is all very well for the tall woman, but mighty trying on the short one.

The short lady gets even, however, when it comes to dresses, all the fashions seem made for her, as they are on the princess order.

The tall, thin creature whose willowy grace was set off by the folds of the shirred models now appears a veritable bean pole, and the only way she can save herself is by wearing the biggest sleeves possible.

It is said that women are lazy. Possibly, but their variety is even greater than their love of ease.

The latest story is that of a woman who rose at 4 in the morning to have her "wrinkles" "ironed out."

She was going to take an early train and wished to present a bewitching appearance for the benefit of the man who was going to meet her at the other end.

Don't you know what ironing is? It is ironing out wrinkles means?

You have it done with a tiny flatiron, and now appears a veritable bean pole.

And a lot of money. Women anxious to be beautiful go through the process at least once a week.

One of the most common wrinkles is that across the forehead. It comes from that supercilious raising of the eyebrows which has been a fad with the smart set and those who ape the smart set.

Now it all has to be ironed out. I don't know what the next fad will be, for they say straight brows are coming in.

And as we all of us haven't them, but must have them of course—well, it's somewhat of a problem, that's all.

Truly, it is hard on the woman with a modest purse when fashions in facial expressions change as well as those in frills.

KATE CLYDE.

**THINGS THAT ARE REAL.**  
I am going to make a strong assertion, and so do I believe it that I would stake on its truth my present life and chance of immortality. It is this: Were a man offered on the one hand the empire of the world, with all the fame, honor, wealth, power, pleasures that the mind can conceive as resulting from such empire, and on the other hand, an immediate death in a muddy

ditch, while in rags, suffering bodily pain and hatred of humanity, but gifted with faith, hope, mercy, forgiveness, humility, courage and love, he would be the greatest fool in the history of humanity if he chose the empire.

For the things possessed by the out-cast are enduring. They are the undying essentials of his being. They are the healthy functions of a healthy spirit. Their opposites are foul diseases.

I who write this know, no matter how, and I say that to every man and woman there comes one day the appalling realization, "After all, these things are true."

Faith is the mighty grip that will not let go. Hope is faith in the goodness of the infinite. Mercy is faith in all things being made good, not tortured. Courage is faith in right conquering wrong. Humility is faith in justice. Love is the supreme faith that sleeps in peace and wakes with the kiss of love.

And these things are true. You will know it some day, though you jest at the thought.

And what of humility? It is the spirit that does not vaunt itself. Humility does not lie or boast. It allows energy to strive for excellence. It is merely consciousness of the truth about its owner's demerits. Help your child to believe these things and to live them. Right beliefs as to conduct are steps of a ladder, but they are meant for mounting, not passive admiration. Teach your child that wrong acts alone make the "cad" and right acts God's gallant knight and gentleman.—Edwin Wootton.

## A LADY LION HUNTER.

No longer can the haughty lord of creation boast that when it comes to confronting savage beasts he demonstrates his superiority over the opposite sex, for a woman can now claim the distinction of having successfully faced and shot a lion. The record of her prowess comes from the British Uganda protectorate, where Mrs. McMillan went lion hunting with her husband and Mr. Bulpitt. The party were out several days camping in the open. Mr. McMillan scored the first kill, but on the next day his wife's rifle brought down a magnificent male lion. The lady behaved with the greatest coolness and determination, placing two shots in rapid succession in the brute's head.

## PAPA'S PENMANSHIP.

A little girl was reading to her mother. On the table before her was an inkpot and some clean stationery. As she read a fly got in the ink and after a hard struggle emerged from its black bath. In an exhausted and dragged condition it trailed itself across a sheet of snowy paper. "Oh, mamma—look!" exclaimed the child to her mother. "Here's a fly that writes just like dad!"